MY MOUNTAIN TOPS

F
1090
.R2

LALAH RUTH RANDLE

Class F1090

Book .R2

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

MY MOUNTAIN TOPS

N

MY MOUNTAIN TOPS

The Romance of a Journey Across the Canadian Rockies

BY

LALAH RUTH RANDLE

NEW YORK
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1912

F1090
.R2

Copyright, 1912, by
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

$1.00

©CLA330447

TO

ANGIE AND SOPHIE WEIR,

WHOSE DELIGHTFUL COMPANIONSHIP ON A
MOST DELIGHTFUL JOURNEY FURNISHED
MUCH OF THE INSPIRATION FOR THE
STORY, THIS LITTLE BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	The Arrival	9
II	Banff the Beautiful . . .	20
III	Lake Louise	36
IV	The Spirit of the Rockies . .	51
V	My Mountain Tops	62

MY MOUNTAIN TOPS

I

THE ARRIVAL

It was Sunday morning, a beautiful, sunny, transparent Sunday morning in June, when grandmother, mother, and I reached Banff. June? Yes, but not the warm, balmy, clover-clad, "knee-deep in June" kind of day that most of us conjure up and hang on the walls of our mental art galleries when the word June is spoken, but a June day of the Canadian Rockies, beautiful, sunny, transparent, it is true, but cool, pine-breathed, and vivid,—the kind of day that makes your warm coat comfortable, gives your cheeks a rosy tingle, makes you look up at the sky—and the mountains—and feel grateful for life. And on such a day as this we came to Banff.

I had been up since daybreak. The excitement of getting somewhere, after two days of uninterrupted travel, had awakened me early, and after gymnastically dressing

myself in the Ladies' Dressing-Room of the Pullman Car, I had gone out onto the platform to catch my first glimpse of the Canadian Rockies, with their glistening peaks and snow-filled crevices sparkling in the early morning sunlight. It was all so wonderful, and there seemed so much to see—each second brought a marvelous change of view—that I was almost impatient with the train for hurrying along so quickly and would have stopped it had I been able. I wished that I dared pull the bell-rope—but prudence prevented—and on we flew—to more beauties and more wonderful vistas. I rather enjoyed being alone, too, those first few minutes in the mountains—and it was right then and there, standing silently in the vestibuled platform of that Canadian Pacific train, breathing the fresh morning air, that the Spirit of the Rockies touched my soul and I felt their splendor and calm.

All too soon mother came to the door and called me. It was late, she said,—grandmother was waiting, we were nearing Banff, —and we must hurry if we were to have our breakfasts on the train.

All was excitement, for at least half of the occupants of the train were preparing, as were we, to alight at Banff. The conductor was busily trying to identify passengers that he might return their many-folded long green tickets correctly. Porters were busy carrying out bags, energetically brushing away even the most infinitesimal particle of dust, and incidentally holding out their officious hands for the not-to-be-neglected fee. In the dining-car waiters were careening along in perilous haste trying to serve some late riser, and we and all the other alighting passengers were collecting our bags and suitcases, hunting for our mislaid gloves and wondering how many would get off and whether we would be disappointed in Banff, of which we had heard so many delightful things.

However, before I proceed farther with my story, I must turn around and go back a little ways, to tell you something of the rather strange party that we made. Did you ever hear of three generations going traveling together, Seventy-Five, Forty-Five, and Twenty? Such we were and it must have

been a trifle unusual, for people noticed us everywhere and sometimes spoke about it in the friendly way that fellow travelers have. We were a merry party, too, for Seventy-Five is as young at heart as Twenty, and Forty-Five looks thirty. It runs in our family to stay young, to hold on to the joy of life, to keep our youthful enthusiasm, to be children at heart, and to look on all things with interested and happy eyes, " even down to old age."

Take grandmother, for instance. She's as tiny as a little sprite, with soft gray hair parted and crimped smoothly down on each side, a few wrinkles—*very* few, though—and, despite the fact that she isn't young in years, and although she wears black and a little widow's bonnet, her eyes are as blue as the blue of June skies, and her mouth smiles in a really girlish way. Grandmother always gets acquainted with people, from the highest to the lowest, wherever she sees them, for she is old enough to have the privilege of talking to the strangers who smile in her direction, and people always like her so much that they are flattered when she does open

a conversation. She likes to travel, grandmother does, and she accepts the inevitable discomforts just as cheerfully as the pleasures. She doesn't mind getting into a crowded car at all, she says,—an experience from which most of us poor mortals shrink,—"for some one always gives her a seat," and the most disagreeable of men tips his hat when grandmother smiles. No wonder! She's as feminine as can be, irresistibly charming, as up-to-date in her ideas as mother and I, and more popular than either of us. And the secret of all her popularity is just this: that life to her is still a cup running over with happiness,—the ocean is just as impetuous and wraithlike, the mountains are just as serene, and people are just as interesting as in the days of her girlhood, long, long years ago.

Mother is different, but perfectly splendid! I'm as proud of her as I can be, for she's large and handsome and altogether magnificent! She's an aristocrat, through and through, but not a snobbish one, and she does know how to *do* things to perfection. I really think that mother could manage

all the presidential candidates of both parties at a house party for a week and not be troubled by the slightest coldness on the part of any of her guests,—and she'd do it as graciously as the Queen of Heaven. Naturally, it's no trouble to her to manage porters, conductors, waiters, cab-drivers, hotel clerks, and bell-boys, like the head of a big corporation. They simply stand around in awe when mother speaks. Mother's in favor of the suffrage, but she's not a suffragette. She wants me to be sure to make that distinction, for it's a vital one, she says, and she doesn't want to be misrepresented.

When I told one of the boys at college this spring that we were going to travel in the summer, he said impetuously, "Jerusalem, Lizette,—why don't you take Noah and the Ark along!" And then he blushed and was terribly embarrassed and begged my pardon effusively. I wasn't insulted, for I knew he didn't know Grossmutter and Ma Mère. Just a few days after that experience I explained our plans to a young college professor who does know them—and *he* said,

"How perfectly ideal, Miss Lizette! You couldn't have better company!" And *that's* exactly the truth.

It's a little hard to write about one's self. One is apt to be self-conscious, so I think I'll just tell you how I'm described on my ticket. "Young, dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, slender." I'll add to that I've been in college three years, that I like English literature best and languages next and that I sing, not much, but just enough to cheer myself up when I'm blue, to make mother and grandmother happy, and to please Bob,—Bob Ferris, who's a doctor. Last of all, we all live,—Seventy-Five, Forty-five, and Twenty,—in a lovely, old-fashioned, suburban house in the good, good state of Ohio.

At last the train stopped at Banff, at a dear little, long, low-lying, log station right in the midst of the mountains, and we were hustled out, grandmother, mother, two suit-cases, two traveling bags, one umbrella, and I. The station platform was alive with people, some getting off and some starting on again, while others, including a merry

bunch of Canadian boys and girls, had evidently come down to see the train come in,—to view the newer comers and to wave adieux to friends who were going on. I felt almost one of them, for before I looked at the mountains or the station or anything, I glanced around to see which ones of our fellow passengers were going to be with us.

Sure enough, there were the six school-teachers, from Ohio, too, the nicest teachers I ever met, in trim tailored suits and jaunty little hats. We had met them on the train and had found every one of them interesting. Two of them were college girls and they knew some fraternity men whom I had once met at a dance, so we became friends right away. They were all going as far as San Francisco together and there one of them, the loveliest girl in a gray suit, was going to sail for China as a missionary, and the others were going to visit relatives or friends in various parts of the West. I was so glad that we weren't going to lose them yet, for they were just what mother and I agreed school-teachers ought to be, neat, bright, interesting, capable, fond of a good time, well-

informed, and above all, happy. They weren't "grinds" or "old-maidish" at all.

Two of the brides and grooms were getting off, too, the Little Bride and Groom, and the Old Bride and Groom. The school-teachers had had fun on the train teasing the Little Bride, for she so obviously *was* a bride. I knew it the minute I saw her,—in the dining-car it was,—and grandmother said that she did, too. She was little and blonde, with big brown eyes and charming soft little ways. And the Little Groom! He really wasn't *little* at all—but he *was* very young, perhaps twenty-two, and it's a good thing he was married and that I happened to remember Bob, or there would have been a flirtation on mother's hands at once. He was big and brown and elegant-looking, in a rough blue suit, but he was tremendously serious and he seemed to feel the responsibility of having a wife greatly. I found out that they were from Chicago,—the Little Bride told me in the dressing-room while she was dressing for dinner! Yes she did, she dressed for dinner on the train and it was too cute for anything to see her enter the dining-

car in her dress-up clothes. One afternoon I saw her take a nap on the Little Groom's shoulder, too, and he sat up as big and bold as a lion and looked out at the chance (?) passers-by as they sauntered back to the Observation car with much the same expression that I've always imagined Hiawatha wore when he brought home Laughing Water. I did *so* approve of the Little Bride and Groom, and mother said that she was almost ashamed of grandmother and me because we smiled at them so much. Grandmother has an eye for romance, too.

Now the Old Bride and Groom,—they were so different. I suppose they *had* to take a wedding journey, for they were rich and it was June, but they did mar the æsthetic aspect of wedding journeys terribly. They had a compartment, and I was glad of that, for we didn't have to see so much of them and they really stayed in it most of the time. Now I don't know any of the things that I'm going to tell about them,—but I *think* that they're true. I *think* that she had been divorced. She had ugly red hair and a load of diamonds on her homely hands and she

looked as though her disposition had suffered at the hands of someone. As for the Old Groom, he did look so thoroughly incapable and as though he couldn't take care of himself that I wondered how he had ever managed to get married. I do like a capable man and the Old Groom did look so inefficient, with his lazy manner and his faded blue eyes.

Now you know something more about me! I have a very vivid imagination!

All these people, and a typical American traveling man who had tried to force an opening into our group, only to be prevented by mother's dignified manner, and scores of others, got off the train at Banff, but the dearest girl from Kentucky and her mother went on. I threw her a kiss from the platform as the train pulled out,—and I've wondered since whether I'll ever see her again this side of the Gates of Pearl. Perhaps not, for I didn't get her name, and she may be anywhere now. That's the sad thing about traveling; after all, we're all "pilgrims and strangers," and it's only a moment that we tarry, then part—and hurry on.

II

BANFF THE BEAUTIFUL

THE bus for the Banff Springs Hotel was waiting, and mother and grandmother were already inside it when I turned away from the fast-vanishing train and my little Kentucky girl. I hurried across the platform and took the only remaining seat inside. There were the Old Bride and Groom, sour and sleepy as ever, and up on top where they could see everything were the Little Bride and Groom. The schoolteachers, mother said, had gone to another hotel, and we didn't see them until the next day. It was sometime before the baggage was all identified and counted (there must have been at least a hundred pieces bound for the Banff Springs Hotel), but at last all was ready, the driver cracked his whip, and off we went.

Oh, the freshness of that drive, down the winding road from the station to the little town, then past the stores and hotels all so

vividly English and each one decorated with bunting and flags. We had not realized until then that we had left the "land of the free and the home of the brave," for most of that Canada through which we had passed had looked very much like Minnesota and North Dakota—and the plains and the mountains are God's everywhere. Here, however, in the habitations of men we were reminded that we were in a foreign land and under the dominion of King George, who only the week before had been crowned King of the mighty British Empire, far away in Merrie England. Here were the banners that told of his sway, and here and there the very names on the store and hotel windows spoke of his power,—King Edward Hotel, Alexandria Hotel, and George's Way. I had never been in a "foreign country" before, and in spite of my great admiration for things British, I found myself longing to wave a little American flag and to shout "Yankee Doodle" with gusto. Alas, I had no flag, and I weakened, as I often do, from the thing that my impulse directed.

We were climbing all the time, past a

sanitarium where one would think the most ill would recover immediately, so clean and wholesome it looked in that fresh morning air, past another hotel, and then, turning a corner suddenly, we came to a yard all aglow with the unfettered warmth of California poppies! They were everywhere in that yard, rubbing noses with the house, crowding out the grass, pushing themselves out onto the sidewalk and on to the next yard, glorious-glowing! Can you see the dew on them sparkling in the early morning sunlight? A picture of gold?

On we went, and up, and soon we were really in the midst of the mountains. Pine trees grew on every hand, pointing like church spires toward the skies, unbending, firm, yet giving forth the incense of the woods. A tiny stream ran beside the road, clear as crystal, and here and there a chipmunk rushed away, or a bird almost brushed the horses' backs,—on and up—through the wonder of "God's Out-of-Doors," two miles, —and then we caught our first glimpse of the roofs of the hotel.

Can I tell you how it looks, that hotel in

the mountains? Like a flaming jewel in a dark green velvet background,—a cluster of jewels,—emeralds, rubies, diamonds,—for it is of many colors! Like a rose, perhaps,—pink, and tinged with yellow, dropped on a sea of green! It only adds to the natural scene and seems to fit in to its own place like the trees and the rocks themselves. In front of it, the winding road and the mountains,—back, the wonderful valley of the Bow River, with its serpentine turns and twists and its circlet of mountains. It is wonderful—and so far past my powers of description that I wonder I attempt it at all. Grandmother took my hand as we came up the road to the hotel and held it fast. Then she sighed, and said softly,

"Lizette, Lizette! 'I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my strength—my strength.' "

Dear grandmother! I knew what her thoughts were. At least, I had a peep within her soul and that peep and the scene itself made me feel as though I had entered the place of the Holy of Holies.

Another turn and we pulled up under the

porte-cochère of the hotel. Rows of brown-faced little Japs awaited us and our bags—and we entered the busy office. Mother registered and soon we were hurrying along behind one of these sly little brown boys to our rooms, which, due to mother's omni-present cleverness,—or luck,—faced the valley and the river, the loveliest view of all. Grandmother seemed almost like one in a dream and after our baggage was unpacked she wanted to stay right there and rest and think, but mother and I objected. Somewhere—in the bus—or the office—or crossing the halls, we had heard the word "rotunda" and that word had had linked with it other words that so excited our curiosity that we couldn't stay away longer. There is always such a feeling of adventure aroused in me when I reach a new place or visit in a strange house that I can scarcely restrain myself, and child-like I want to explore, to rush into all the corners and to be able to cry out, with wide-spread eyes, "Here you are!" So we found the rotunda of the hotel at Banff.

It was easily discovered, for it is the center

of the hotel home, a great family room, two stories high, with a gallery all around it and, best of all, two huge fire-places, one on either side, where big logs, constantly renewed by the busy little Japs, made an almost Yule-tide glow on that June day. All around the room were little tables, destined for afternoon tea, and great easy chairs and couches where the guests assembled to chat or to hear the music wafted down, twice a day, from the orchestra in the gallery above,—a cheerful, comfortable place—an interesting one, too, with the book of nature outside and the book of human nature inside, from which to study. Here we found a big snug chair for grandmother, where she could both toast her feet and gaze at the mountains, and leaving her there, mother and I set out for a walk.

We had letters to mail, and perhaps some to receive, so we took the trail back to the village, along the winding road, through the pines, nearer now and more-embracing as we walked beneath them, past the California poppies and the sanitarium and down to the little village.

As we came back, I found a path that was

different, though in the same general direction, and I insisted that we follow it. A little chipmunk showed it to me and I knew that it was right! Mother demurred, for, she said, "we didn't know at all where it would take us," and although my head told me she was wise, my heart followed the little "chippie," and I darted away! On I ran, and mother, half-angry, half-amused, followed as fast as she could! "Das Ewige —Weibliche zieht uns heran!" Up and down we went over the rounded hillocks, for all the world like the Ride-the-Waves at Coney Island,—higher and higher, through the trees, brushing back bushes, jumping little brooklets, until mother was out of breath and thoroughly provoked.

"Lizette, we must go back—at once—and take the right path. This is all wrong and we are not going toward the hotel at all."

"Yes we are—ma mère—yes we are! Just a little farther! Please come on!"

On we went,—I felt sure that we were right,—down another hill,—a sound was growing louder and louder,—around a bend, and there we were, right at the Bow River

Falls! Oh, the joy of adventure—of finding out new things and attaining to things unlooked for! I felt like DeSoto when he first saw the "Father of Waters," and taking Maude Adams' Napoleon pose, I gazed—till mother, through the laughter that brought tears, begged me to stop. We had found something! It was ours, as though we were the first who had ever seen it.

The falls are not large, but they add a great deal to the weirdness and majesty of the scene, for they tell the ears as well as the eyes how great and marvelous His works are. Several times, while we lingered in Banff, I went down from the hotel, by another path which I found, to sit by them and think—and feel—and wonder—and perhaps too to dream day-dreams, girl-like. And one day as I sat there I thought of dear old John Muir and his love for the woods and the hills and the great, open places, and I think that I can appreciate now what he meant when he said:

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into the trees. The winds

will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

I didn't know what those lines meant when I learned them, a long time ago to please grandmother, but I do now, and "Nature's peace" not only "flowed into me," but all through me, on those mornings when I sat by the falls.

. . . . . .

One thing that makes Banff so pleasant is the hotel itself. The building throughout is as attractive and comfortable as one could ask and the service is delightful. There is an English atmosphere about the place that reminded mother continually of her happy summers in the mother country itself, and I was delighted with everything.

As for the people whom we met—can you imagine how an American girl would enjoy seeing an English hotel filled with English and Canadian guests? Banff is the summer rendezvous of many of the British visitors in America and there they feel at home almost as truly as in Merrie England itself. After lunch, while the orchestra played on the bal-

cony of the rotunda I wanted nothing better than to sit in a corner and watch the people. First, there were the English girls, with vivid complexions and big shoes, who sat demurely by their mothers and who seemed frozen into a kind of genteelly petrified silence at the mere approach of a man,—so different from our American girls who are usually conceited enough to think that the men like to hear them talk—and who certainly *like* to talk to men. Then there were the English men, with their broad accent, their equally broad plaids and their inevitable pipes or strong cigars—and all of them so serious and even solemn in appearance. There were English married women, too, women who *do* talk, vivaciously and charmingly and in enviably low and beautiful voices, and English children, well-behaved and well-bred, but real children nevertheless. I almost entirely neglected the scenery on some days just to watch the people, and I have about decided, after all, that people *are* more interesting than even mountains and wonderful valleys, great and sublime though the latter are. (This last is not a new idea, I am aware,

but it was somewhat new to me, at least in real force—and I set it down even at the risk of appearing trite.) I *did* enjoy the English people; they were interesting, fascinating, and unusual to me, but after a few days I longed to talk to a few Americans and I must confess that I wouldn't have minded seeing Bob.

On the second day that we were at Banff, while mother and I were taking a walk, grandmother sat near enough, in the rotunda, to a group of men, who were talking and smoking, to hear what they were saying. They were discussing English politics and although she is "growing older" (to use her expression) grandmother is especially interested in politics and she listened to every word. After awhile the man who sat nearest her said:

"I beg your pardon, madam! Is my cigar annoying you?" and *that* was grandmother's opportunity.

"No," she replied, "but I couldn't help hearing what you were saying about the Home Rule question and I wondered——"

The men turned toward her expectantly,

and grandmother was in the midst of the discussion! Imagine—and they were all Englishmen, too! After a time, as the conversation became more personal, grandmother told them her name and that of her home and the men introduced themselves,—Mr. So and So of Liverpool, Mr. Such of London, Mr. X. of Toronto, and Lord B. of Essex. After that grandmother had a charming time, and when mother and I returned we found her in the center of the group, and evidently in the midst of a most engrossing conversation. Soon, however, she spied us, and we were introduced all around, even to the lord. During the few minutes' conversation which followed I sat next to Mr. Such of London. He was a really nice-looking Englishman, big and self-reliant, a lace merchant, he told me later, and soon we were having a splendid time.

"I knew you were an American girl," he said, "as soon as I saw you,—which was yesterday noon."

"How?" I asked. Can you imagine what his reply was?

"By several things,—your clothes, the

way you wear them, by your little feet,—your ability to talk and your assured manner."

"Mon Dieu, as the French girls say," I replied. "What a lot of things!"

Well, soon we were talking about all sorts of things—in the following order, as I remember them,—Banff, the mountains there compared with the Colorado Rockies and the Alps, mountain people, their lonesome lives, the pleasures of the simple life, Russian peasants, Tolstoi, Ibsen, plays in general—and, before mother gave the cue to leave, we had come back to Canada and were waxing enthusiastic over the table d'hôte dinners at the hotel! An English girl couldn't have done that in a hundred years!

That night the big Englishman talked and danced with me in the huge sun-room all during the long, light evening, and I've no doubt that many English mammas and their daughters were shocked beyond measure, although Ma Mère and Grossmutter sat by and we formed a group of four.

. . . . . .

The loveliest thing at Banff is the road to

the left as you leave the hotel, over the mountains, around and up for miles. The Little Bride told me about it. She and the Little Groom had ridden over it, but mother and I are both expert pedestrians, and one afternoon, between "orchestra time" and tea, we started out. The day was perfect, cool and clear, and the air absolutely transparent and the summer at its best. At first the road led through the trees, all pines, straight and so close together that in places they almost formed a jungle. In the sunlight it was more than beautiful, an avenue of light in a world of darkness, with the blue sky above and the plain road ahead. I tried to imagine how it would be at other times—in the dark, or during a storm—when it must be a fearsome, awful place,—then, in the twilight, and it brought to my mind the pictures of Rembrandt or the impressionistic paintings of some of the modern artists—all shadows and "dabs."

A little rivulet trickled down the side of the road, with pebbles, clean and round, in its tiny bed, and on either side grew the flaming masses of the Indian paint brushes, vivid

flowers of the Western woods. On we went, till we came to a turn more sudden and unexpected than the rest, and there we emerged —to The View.

We were standing on an eyrie point, far up in the eastern range, and all around us there was silence, save for the rattle of the twigs under the feet of a chipmunk or a burst of song from the throat of a bird. Far below us was the valley, filled with pines and enclosing the fast-flowing river, all green and white with the foam and the moss-covered rocks—while away off, over all, just opposite us, was the western range, green, brown, sometimes gold in the sunlight, with an occasional crevice filled with snow, majestic, stupendous, old as the aeons and eternal as Time. And I thought of that dear old German poem that Herr Schön had us learn last year:

"Still wie die Nacht,
Tief wie das Meer,
Soll deine Liebe sein!

"Wenn du mich liebst,
So wie ich dich,
Will ich dein eigen sein.

"Heiss wie der Stahl,
Und fest wie der Stein,
Soll deine Liebe sein!"

And the last part,

"Fest wie der Stein—fest wie der Stein"—

("Firm as the rocks and the hills—shall be thy love"), rang in my soul for days.

We were back at the Elemental,—but I was really thinking of Bob.

III

LAKE LOUISE

I WAS absolutely and wilfully rebellious when mother said that we must leave Banff for Lake Louise, and I declared that I would rather spend a month right there than to wander along through all the rest of Canada, which I felt sure wasn't half so nice, and on to California, which I knew would be dry and dusty at that season of the year. Mother was firm, however,—we had spent almost a week at Banff,—the rest of Canada and especially Lakes Louise and Glacier were reported to be equally beautiful, and besides, I must remember, she said, that we were *traveling* and not settling somewhere. Grandmother smiled at this, and like a good child, I said no more. To tell the truth, I had been reading, too, and I knew that the scenery at Lake Louise was said to be even more beautiful than that at Banff, but at Banff, in addition to the scenery, I was having a delightful time. I had become quite

well acquainted with several English and Canadian girls, and in spite of the mean things which I wrote about them in my last chapter, I liked them, and we had been having perfectly splendid walks and talks and drives together.

Then, too,—second confession—Mr. Such had proven himself delightful,—he said he much preferred American to English girls—and he had made himself so very amiable and so immensely useful to us all that even mother had somewhat relaxed and was letting him see to all sorts of things, ordering the horses for our rides, going for our mail, and making our advance reservations. Grandmother openly smiled on him, and we all agreed that he was indeed a gentleman. I liked him especially at tea-time when we four sat at a little table before the fire in the rotunda and talked of all sorts of things. It was rather a lazy time of day, and he looked so good and comfortable as he sat there, and told us of England and English ways. I hadn't forgotten Bob, I thought of him every hour of every day and wrote to him often, sometimes sending him as many

as *six* post-cards in one day, but it was nice to have a man at hand, too. I had told Bob about Mr. Such, too,—not on the post-cards, though,—so my conscience was clear, and I could enjoy myself. Consequently, I was sorry to leave Banff, and no one could blame me, I am sure.

It was early morning when we left. We had a little breakfast in the big dining-room, and in the cool, gray freshness of a Before-Sunrise kind of day we left the hotel in the big bus. Back we went to the little log station, and soon we were off for Laggan. As soon as we got on the observation car, grandmother hurried right towards "her seat," as she called it, the one she liked best and almost always got, right in the end of the train, by the big window and behind the door, so the draughts couldn't strike her. The Little Bride and Groom were with us too, and the school-teachers, and just at the last minute up came the Old Bride and Groom, sour and inefficient as ever. I had hoped that they had stayed behind in Banff the Beautiful, but they seemed to have planned to stay just as long as we did—and nothing

was able to part us. We had them clear through to the end.

I soon forgot them, however, in the wonders of that ride to Laggan. It only lasted a little more than an hour, but there was much to be seen. Most of the time the train threaded its way right along the banks of the Bow River, following its winding course between the great mountains, "a natural passage-way made by the great Engineer," grandmother said. The most stupendous of the mountains that we passed was Castle Mountain, and it was visible during almost all of the ride,—first, far away, hazy, indistinct, then more clearly defined, then marked with seeming passages, and even doors and windows of giant size, then looming larger and larger, until it fairly seemed to topple over us—then on and on—and on—and at last we left it far behind.

"Laggan!" called the porter, and we gathered our possessions together and once more hurried out of the car. Laggan! A little mountain village of some dozen log huts and a few box cars, a regular Ralph Connor village, low-lying, crude and almost prime-

val! The station resembled that at Banff, but was smaller, and open carry-alls awaited us. This time we were to have a longer drive, for our guide-books had told us that the châlet is two and a half miles from the station, up over the mountains to an altitude of more than 5000 feet.

Again I was so busy looking around that I was almost the last one arranged for, and as a result I was unusually favored, for a burly Canadian driver lifted me up to his seat and placed me beside a big, red-haired boy from Vancouver, who, with his father and mother, was traveling eastward. *Boy* I have written, but he was as old as I, a Junior in Leland Stanford University and altogether wide-awake. We made friends immediately, somewhat unconventionally, it is true, but one couldn't possibly sit arm against arm with a person over two and a half miles of splendid mountain road in the dewy freshness of a

"The Year's at the Spring,
The Day's at the Morn.
. . . . . .
"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the World"

kind of morning, and say nothing. At least, *I* couldn't, especially when the person next happened to be a good-looking college boy with red hair. And please remember, mother *and* grandmother were sitting directly behind me.

Soon we were riding over the most wonderful mountain road, the most wonderful any-kind-of-road that I ever saw, following the curve of the mountains, turning abruptly around dizzy cliffs, crossing tremendous abysses, burying ourselves in the pine forests and emerging again to gaze far down into some distant wooded valley, or up to some gleaming glacier,—and all the time with the sound of that raging mountain stream, the only outlet of Lake Louise, swollen, *mad* with the spring rains and the melting snows, dinning itself into our consciousness.

"Oh," I cried, "I have never seen so much water—never in my life!" And the red-haired boy laughed.

"Wait," he said. "Wait until you go from here to Glacier! You'll think the whole universe, sun, moon, and stars, have melted and are coming right down on your head!"

Rather extravagant, that young man, but I liked him for it!

Then a little chipmunk dashed across our path and I asked the driver if he had ever heard how the chipmunk got the five brown marks down its back. He never had, so I told him the whole story: how there was a famine in the land, years and years ago, when only the Indians dwelt here, and how one poor old Indian squaw was compelled to leave her almost dying babies and go out in search of food; how cold the winter was, and how, in spite of her long search, she could find nothing. Then, at last, when, almost frozen and empty-handed, in spite of her long search, she was about to turn towards home, a little chipmunk dashed across the road. The squaw rushed after it, clutched at it, felt it slide through her fingers—and saw it scamper away. And ever since that day the "chippie" has carried on its back the five brown marks of the poor Indian woman's dirty fingers.

The driver smiled and said that he knew what those winters were, for often in those mountains it was very cold, and only the

winter before he had driven down to the station twice a day in a temperature of sixty below. I shivered, even in the bright cool air of that June morning, and the red-haired boy turned up his coat collar.

Suddenly we came in sight of the châlet, then the lake came into view, and chipmunks, Indians, and cold, cold weather were all forgotten. We turned into the porte-cochère, the red-haired boy helped me down, and we entered the famous Swiss châlet at Lake Louise. Hospitality beamed on every hand, again huge fire-places gave an air of cheer and comfort, great easy chairs, enormous couches, and cozy little desks invited to comfort and correspondence, and again the little Japs were everywhere. English girls served as clerks at the desk, businesslike, but attractive in their soft black gowns, and eager to make us comfortable. I had already forgotten Banff in the equal attractiveness of this unique place.

Have you seen Lake Louise and this wonderful châlet, a home of luxury far up in the clouds, and two miles from a railroad? How can I, with my limited vocabulary, de-

scribe it! Broad windows and long verandas look out towards the lake, separated from it by only a rod of grass and a row of California poppies, over which slow-moving Chinamen in their tall hats and queer shoes are almost continually bending. And the lake itself? It is a wonderful mirror set in a frame of beauty. It reflects the light from a hundred peaks, each scintillating with snow, crowned with pines, or massed with rocks. It sparkles with color like a prism in sunlight, twenty shades of green, a dozen of blue, then a touch of gold, and off yonder, under the ledge of the mountain, a deep and lustrous brown. And every moment it changes, as the lights and shadows change, brilliant in sunlight, gloomy in shade, but always mystic and wonderful.

It is only a little lake, a mile and a half long by half a mile wide, but on either side the mountains rise from its very edge, and far off at the other end, like a great veil across the face of Nature, is the famous Victoria Glacier. Along one edge of the lake is a path that leads past the boat-house, around the curve of the lake to the other end, and

scarcely had we been assigned to our rooms when I saw the Little Bride and Groom go strolling down its fragrant way. Mother and I soon followed, and the red-haired boy followed us. He was a *very* nice boy, half English (by birth) and half American (by education), and mother and I enjoyed having him along immensely. He had such a sense of the fitness of things and he wasn't always disturbing our thoughts with a lot of nonsense and empty flattery, as so many college boys are. Mother had met his mother and father in the carry-all, too, and that night the six of us sat at one table and had a most delightful time.

If the dining-room at Banff, with its English air, had been delightful, this one at Lake Louise was even more so, for the cuisine was equally good and the dearest little Chinese boys served as waiters. They wore their native costumes, tan at breakfast and luncheon, and at night they patriotically donned the Chinese royal colors, light blue and purple, and made indeed a festive scene, fifty of them, soft-footed and agile. It occurred to me that the Chinese waiters and the Japanese

bell-boys might not always agree, and I asked the blonde English girl at the desk about it. She said, however, that they were thoroughly peaceable. I wrote that to Bob and he replied that if an English lace merchant and a very independent and patriotic American girl could get along so well, he'd not be surprised at anything!!

We stayed at Lake Louise four days, and every day the red-haired boy and I took the most splendid trips together, up to the Lakes in the Clouds, to Moraine Lake and the Valley of the Ten Peaks, and down to Paradise Valley, always chaperoned, of course, by my mother or his, or some others whom we had met. By the third day we were calling each other by our first names and that afternoon as we stood looking down on the beautiful Moraine Lake, he said:

"Lizette, will you let me write to you—and will you not forget me? It's been such fun up here—and I hate to think that you're going on west, and I'm going east to-morrow. This is a jolly place!"

And he laughed—but with a half-sadness in his eyes.

I put my hand on his arm and told him he might write, but that he would probably forget me soon, and at Banff, where he was going next, I knew he would meet lots of other girls who would see that he had a fine time there. He laughed again, but he took my fingers off of his arm, and standing there on the peak, we shook hands rather solemnly. Dear red-haired boy! I wrote *that* to Bob, too.

That night when we got back to the châlet, grandmother had a funny little gleam in her eye and while I was dressing for dinner she told me that Mr. Such of London was there,—that he had come over on the afternoon train and had been asking for me. Sure enough, when we went down to the lobby there he was, waiting to be asked to sit at our table, for he had left his English friends, and had come over from Banff alone. I looked at mother rather helplessly, for there was no room at our table, with the red-haired boy's family occupying the rest of the places, so mother explained that our table was full, but that we would see him after dinner in the lobby. He was a little disappointed, I

think, but grandmother smiled at him and he smiled back in *such* an adoring, respectful way, and *seemed* quite contented.

That night I really had more fun than I wanted! I never did like to be a belle, but mother and grandmother helped me out beautifully and due to them a rather awkward situation turned out passably well. Mother is *such* a manager, and grandmother is so dear! You see, the red-haired boy had asked me to go boating with him in the clear, cool moonlight, and Mr. Such, I knew, wanted to talk and perhaps dance. I scarcely knew how to manage both, but finally mother went boating with us on that lovely, lovely lake, while grandmother talked to Mr. Such, and later the boy looked on while I danced with the Englishman. And during one of the dances that big man said:

"I came over just to see you again, Miss United States! You must have a wonderful country down there to the South! I've always wanted to see it, but I've lacked a real incentive before. May I come to see it—and you—before I go back in the fall?"

Dear Englishman! In my most polite way I told him we would all be glad to see him when he came to our "Home of the Free," and I gave him my address. He didn't seem quite satisfied, and I was sorry to disappoint him, but I couldn't say any more—with the red-haired boy watching us —and my thoughts—way back with Bob. I wrote all this to Bob, too,—only not just as I've told it here.

That night when we started up the stairs the red-haired boy, who was standing near, called after me:

"Don't forget! I'm going to write. Good-bye!" and Mr. Such from London came close, and after bidding mother and grandmother farewell, said, very quietly:

"Good-bye, Miss United States! I'm so glad to have known you!"

Grandmother turned around and looked at both of them and smiled her dear, sweet, queer little smile. And then, as we turned away and I helped her a little up the stairs, she said to me, almost in a whisper:

"And I'll give you Mr. Bob's 'Good-

night.' Good-night, dear, good-night." And she reached up—and kissed me.

. . . . . .

I can't think of a better way to end this chapter than with some words that I found in a little book at Lake Louise. Who wrote them I do not know, for they are signed merely E. F. N.—but whoever and wherever you are, may I thank you for your verses! They are called:

"Adieu to Lake Louise.

"Unwilling feet I turn from there
To seek my far-off home,
Yet thy fair face I still shall see
Wherever I may roam.
For beauty seen remains for aye,
Strengthening the heart along Life's way."

Thank you, unknown friend,—and "Adieu to Lake Louise!"

IV

THE SPIRIT OF THE ROCKIES

It was raining when we left Lake Louise. The morning had dawned hesitatingly and a gray mist overhung the mountains and the lake, obscuring the glacier at the farther end and turning the colors of the lake, chameleon-like, to tones and shades of the same soft gray. In the lobby people were discussing disappointed plans for the day in the subdued voices that most of us unconsciously adopt in the early morning, when Sleep seems still to be near us and we seem afraid of disturbing him. Those of us who were leaving had donned water-proofs and "slickers" and when the buses drove up to the door, curtained and closed, we were ready for the drive down the mountains. Bags by the dozen were attended to first and then five busloads of people said good-bye to Lake Louise and settled themselves as comfortably as they could in their rather crowded quarters.

In our carry-all were the Old Bride and Groom, two sisters from New York State, one a widow and the other a rather delicate girl of perhaps twenty-five, a bachelor of at least fifty from Pennsylvania, silent and obviously shy, the very efficient and independent but fine-looking principal of a girls' school in Chicago, and a handsome doctor and his wife from Quebec who were celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary by taking this trip. Grandmother sat between mother and me and she was so wrapped in shawls and scarfs that only her dear little sparkling blue eyes showed. Enclosed as we were by the curtains of the carry-all, there was little that we could see, and the jolting as we drove over rocks and into ruts prevented any very continuous conversation. The roads were rough and the grating of the brakes as we turned the sharp corners or slid down the steeper grades frightened the more nervous of the party and the Old Bride was nearly paralyzed with fear. Clutching the Old Groom, she realized all my anticipations concerning her and complained of everything in a querulous

voice with a touch of unreasoning impatience in it that would have driven a less dull person than the Old Groom mad. The rest of us listened with the subdued manner of those who are trying to appear oblivious of unpleasant occurrences but are obliged to hear, and all the time the rain beat down in a perfect torrent on the roof of the carry-all.

Laggan at last—and the train for Glacier!

The observation car was crowded, for this was to be the scenic part of the trip from the train, and it was with difficulty that we found seats. The aisle was filled with camp chairs and everyone was on the qui vive for the things that were to be seen. Nor did we have long to wait, for almost before we had taken off our wraps and become settled for the ride we entered the Kicking Horse Pass, and from that time until we passed Field, some three hours later, we were continually watching and exclaiming,—feeling and emotion strained to the utmost.

Six miles from Laggan we reached the summit of the Rockies, and the place where, by one of those curious freaks of nature, the waters of a little stream divide, one tiny

rivulet flowing to the east, to mingle its waters with the ice-cold tides of Hudson Bay, and the other to the west, where it finally loses itself in the warm currents of the mighty Pacific. Over the forking of the little stream stands a rustic arch, with the words, The Great Divide, formed in it.

Soon we came to Hector and between there and Field we were almost afraid to snatch a second from our watching lest we should miss something of the wonders of the view. Here is one of the greatest engineering feats of the century, for, in order to reduce the grade, the road has been made twice as long as it need be, had it been possible to follow a bee-line from place to place, and here too are the famous spiral tunnels. A plunge into the darkness, a few minutes of silence, in which one distinctly feels the turning of the train,—then dawn, morning again,—and the stupendous view of a vista not to be surpassed in any land! Mount Stephen, most massive and sublime of all the Rockies, Mount Field, Mount Ogden, Cathedral Mountain, all lifting their snowy peaks and their ice-filled crevices to the blue of the sky,

—marvelous, sublime beyond words,—and between and around them a dozen valleys, some barren, some filled with pines, or rocks, or the eternal cold of never-melting snow, others in shadow, still others thundering with torrents, or spread out in grassy plateaus. Have you ever imagined or dreamed that you were an eagle, soaring higher and higher, on and up, until finally a state or a nation perhaps lay spread out like a map before you in panoramic splendor? Such a view it is that one gets from the train at this place, and such a sensation, bird-like and eyrie, one feels as he emerges to the view.

Another corkscrew tunnel under Wapta Mountain, an elliptical curve, a maze of track, crossing above and then below, Kicking Horse River again, foaming, tossing, raging,—like an angry beast in full career,—and again a view from a lofty point, far down the emerald plains of Yoho Valley. Field is passed and Mount Burgess, and we feel the descending slope as we go gradually down the western side of the range.

During all this a scene of almost equal

though different interest was presented in the observation car. A rush to this side and that as the view varied with the turns of the road, strangers jostling strangers in a friendly rivalry to get to the windows,—Ohs and Ahs—continually, in many tones and in various stages of excitement,—camp-chairs overturned,—a practical joker calling our attention to nothing at all and making fun of the more impulsive sightseers,—an elderly gentleman sitting down abruptly on a youth's Derby hat, innocently deposited on that particular chair just a second before,—and a devoted bridegroom, grasping grandmother's hand instead of his bride's in a moment of unusual excitement!

I began to realize the truth of the red-haired boy's prophecy—"Wait until you go to Glacier,—and you'll think the whole universe has melted"—for never, in very truth, have I seen so much water. Almost all day we rode along the Kicking Horse River, in its narrow canyon, and no words could describe that stream more actually than its extremely suitable name does. It is a veritable runaway as well as a *kicking* horse,

plunging, tearing, foaming, roaring, filled to overflowing and continually reënforced by the thousands of almost perpendicular torrents fed by the melting snows and receding glaciers far up in the mountains. A world of water—clear as crystal and cool as can be!

The noise of these torrents is tremendous and often our voices were drowned and we paused in our conversation until the insistent voice of the waters had ceased. We crossed the river again and again, clinging to this side, then to that, then back again, swaying and rushing, until we too seemed filled with the spirit of the waters. And until three o'clock, for our train was later, we rushed through that canyon, then through dark, vista-destroying snow-sheds, then across a little valley,—and up again, along the eastern slope of the Selkirks, to Glacier.

A swing around one side of a huge horseshoe brought us up to the station at Glacier, which, with the hotel, is situated almost immediately in its center,—a sudden drop far down a dangerous ravine on the right, and the little, mountain-enclosed valley on the left, with the glacier itself, nearer, clearer,

and more brilliant than any we had seen, away at the farther end. Here the hotel is right at the station and we were soon made comfortable again by the very spirit of old-time English hospitality which the place breathes forth.

Not so many had left the train here as at Banff and Laggan, and as we registered, or rather, as mother did, I looked for our friends of the other places. I had said good-bye to the teachers at Laggan, for they were going to stay longer than we, and to the Little Bride and Groom on the train, for they were not stopping at Glacier. We still had the Old Bride and Groom with us, however, and the Quebec doctor and his wife, and the Pennsylvania bachelor. Other guests crowded into the lobby to see the new-comers and among them were two girls of about my own age, American girls they were, too,—and I was delighted to see them. Later they introduced to us the clerk at the desk, a slender young man with black hair and a charming smile, but a rather sad expression. Included in his duties was that of helping to entertain the guests, and in the par-

lor before a roaring fire, in the cool gray evening time, he played and sang, and talked to us.

One night he told us girls stories of the mountains, of hunting and fishing trips, of the many guests, some of them celebrities, who came to the hotel,—and then, as the fire grew lower and more of the older people went to their rooms, he told us of his student days in Montreal and of his home, which he had not seen for eight years, across the sea in Merrie England. It was so interesting! And still later, one dark night, when all the girls had gone and only a few older people were left in the parlor, writing, and reading the Canadian papers, he told me of his sister, Azalia, who, he said, had looked like me, who had gray eyes, too,—and who had died since he had been in Canada. After that we sat still a long, long time before the fire, and I tried to think of something comforting to say. He was so lonesome, and so anxious to go back home—poor boy! But somehow the words wouldn't come—and I just sat there longer still, and said nothing. At last he looked at me, and when he saw the tears

in my eyes, he touched my sleeve lightly and said:

"Forgive me,—I am sorry. But it has helped me so much to talk to you,—you—you—second Azalia! You're so like her—and I'm so anxious to go home!"

And he got up, said good-night in a tired sort of way—and closed the door softly behind him.

Mother had been sitting near, reading, but she had heard every word. When he had gone she laid aside her paper and called me to her.

"Lizette," she said, "Lizette—dear!"

And when I sat down on a stool by her side, she added:

"I just wanted to be sure you were here,—you—second Azalia!"

And she pinched my arm. Dear Mother!

That night I wrote a long letter to Bob. I had so much to tell him—all about the ride from Laggan—and how grand Glacier was, and about the girls and the poor sad English clerk. But it was weeks before he got it,—not till after the—difficulty—was all settled, and he didn't mind *what* I wrote. But if he *had* received it—if he *had*—I'm getting

ahead of my story and must stop right here before I give the secret away,—the great big splendid secret that straightened everything out and made everything right.

V

MY MOUNTAIN TOPS

I HAVE said that the hotel at Glacier is in a little valley, on a curve of the railroad, with the mountains all around and the glacier in the distance. It is only a little valley, not a quarter of a mile across, and on either side the mountains rise, green as the slopes of the Emerald Isle, clothed in their pines and hemlocks, and oh—so fragrant! The very air seems alive! Opposite the hotel is a waterfall, a little torrent which falls almost perpendicularly for more than two hundred feet and which can be heard from the hotel all the time. It and the mountain stream that flows through the valley beside the hotel, springing right out from the foot of the glacier, make a regular accompaniment for the other sounds of voices, and laughter, and the calls that the rocks echo back. It is a quiet spot and for several days we merely rested and read and took our promenades near the hotel. Grandmother was a little

tired when we reached Glacier and so it wasn't until the morning of our fourth day there that we started out on *the* expedition of that place, the trip to the glacier,—two miles away up the mountains.

It was nine o'clock when we left the hotel, grandmother, mother, the English clerk, the Pennsylvania bachelor, and I. Both the men had, of course, made the trip before,—the clerk, many times,—but they asked to go with us and we were glad to have them. It was cloudy when we started, cool and delightful, a "day of rest and gladness" indeed, and I felt like a real wood-sprite, a dryad or some fantastic child of the forest, as I started out, dressed in a green suit, the color of the trees, and barehaired and care-free. We had found a cane for grandmother, a great gnarled stick, but she used it very little, for the Pennsylvania bachelor helped her on one side all the way up, and the rest of us took turns on the other side, when the path was wide enough to permit three to walk abreast.

We crossed the little bridge at the station, turned to the right, and the gradual climb began. It scarcely seemed possible

that it was two miles to the foot of that glacier, gleaming there at the end of the valley and I plunged ahead, up the grassy trail, the clerk after me, as though I expected to reach it at the end of a 220-yard dash. The slope was steeper than it seemed, however, and soon I sat down on a log, panting and laughing, glad to rest until mother and the others came up. The clerk laughed at my eagerness—at my haste in reaching the glacier—but I *was* anxious to see it—and in a few minutes on we went.

By this time we were in the forest itself, the hotel was behind us, the glacier was concealed by the trees, and only the trail marked the existence of men. Here and there violets and spring beauties were peeping through the mossy ground, for the spring is late up there in those northern mountains, and even then, the last of June, the dainty little harbingers looked chilly and afraid. The clerk picked some for me and I stuck them in my belt, "to keep them warm," he said. On we went—and at last we emerged to an open space where we could see the glacier again, looming still nearer, while

right at hand was a great clear patch of snow. Snow, enough for snowballs,—the last week in June! And while grandmother rested, the clerk and mother and I engaged in the youthful pastimes of snow-balling and washing one another's faces. Even the shy bachelor joined in the fun and the clerk took off his hat and rubbed his shiny bald head with the equally shiny cold snow.

Then a race across the open space, into the trees again, along that roaring mountain stream, always up, and when next we emerged we had reached the stony ground that marks the former foot of the glacier. Each year, the clerk said, that mountain of ice recedes about thirty-five feet, and for perhaps half a mile we walked over stones and pebbles, some large as a pumpkin, others small, and all smooth and white and wet. Everywhere were little rivulets trickling out from the foot of the glacier to form the stream below. In one place we almost had to wade, and there the clerk and the bachelor made a saddle of their hands and carried grandmother across, dry and comfortable as could be. The walking here was not easy,

but we did not mind, for we were near the glacier. Soon we reached its foot, touched it, stepped on the lower edges, and tried to realize where we were and what it was that we were doing. So events seem so often like dreams in the night! We think of the things we are going to do, we plan for them, we imagine our feelings and prepare our emotions,—and when the anticipation *arrives*, it is there—and gone—and we can scarcely realize that the forms of our visions have really come to pass.

The sun had come out and in that light the glacier gleamed a brilliant, translucent bluish-white. A mountain of ice, sloping gradually in a long field from the ground, broken here and there by rifts or crevices, then rising more abruptly, widening, spreading, and crowned, far above, with great ice peaks, whose size and distance we could not even conjecture! A real glacier, of which I had read years ago in Miss Mill's fourth grade geopraphy class, but which I had never been able to visualize and of which I had had the most hazy ideas,—one of the mysteries of Nature, formed thousands of years

ago, changing little, an ever-present monument to the eternity of God.

Above us only a little distance were the first of the crevices and, in order that I might see down one of them, the clerk had thought to bring a strong rope along. Tying it around his waist, and giving the other end to the bachelor to hold, he climbed, on hands and knees, and with much care, slowly up that icy slope, ten, twenty, thirty feet. There he found a notch where he could place his feet, and so braced, he called to me to follow; and I, holding to the taut rope, climbed up to his side.

The crevice which he had reached was only about two feet wide, but by leaning over its edge we could look far down those bluish-white translucent depths. A cloud moved across the face of the sun and the gray of its tones was reflected and intensified in the crevice. Then it passed away, and the dazzling rays of the sun as they sped far down into those icy depths changed to glittering silver and sapphire as they went. The clerk said that at evening, at the time of sunset, all the gorgeous shades

of red and pink and purple were reflected in the crevices and on the peaks; and I wondered if the stars don't use the glaciers for mirrors, and if in the evening, before they start hand in hand down the Milky Way, they don't toss their golden curls before those sparkling, glassy planes. They look coquettish enough to do it—at least, those little twinkling girl-stars do!

The black-eyed clerk had me sit down beside him, and arm in arm we slid down the ice to where mother and the rest were waiting. The bachelor looked at his watch and the clerk started up in haste. We had climbed slowly, and he was due at the hotel when the noon train came in from the East! So, waving his cap to us, he dashed off across the rocks, leaving mother and grandmother and the bachelor and me to follow more slowly. I really would rather have gone on with the clerk, for it would have been such fun to run down those trails as I knew he meant to do, but mother shook her head,—and I stayed behind. The bachelor had promised to take us down by another path, she said,—one that was equally as beautiful as that by

which we had ascended,—and I was content. After all, I wasn't in a hurry to leave that gleaming glacier, which I might never see again, nor the pine-breathed freshness of the mountain forests, and neither were the rest, so we sauntered down the new trail, pausing here and there to gather ferns, or violets, or the gorgeous Indian paint-brushes, or to let grandmother rest on a flat stone or a mossy log,—and long before we reached the hotel we heard the train whistle and wondered whether the clerk had reached it in time.

We were strolling along leisurely, and I, in front, was thinking of the splendid times I had had,—at Banff with Mr. Such, at Laggan with the red-haired boy, and there at Glacier with the lonesome English clerk,—when I saw a man approaching away down below on that winding path. I merely caught a glimpse of him, and at first I was a little frightened, for I was quite a distance ahead of mother and the rest. I paused a minute—and almost started back. Then I decided that it was probably some one whom we had met at the hotel—or perhaps it was the clerk, coming back to meet us. On

second thought, however, I knew that it couldn't be he, because he would be busy assigning rooms and looking after the comfort of the newly-arrived guests. Next, I wondered if it could be Mr. Such—I scarcely knew why—but I *did* think of him—and it wasn't until he was fairly upon me, and I was caught in his arms, that I saw who it really was.

"Bob—Bob!" I cried—"Bob, dear!" For Bob had come! And right there in the path he kissed me, and kissed me,—scolding me all the time.

"Lizette, Lizette,—you wraith,—you darling!" Then he pushed me away gently, and added, "You torment,—you pest,—you uncertain lady,—you—"

And what names he might have called me I don't know, but just then mother and grandmother and the bachelor came around a bend in the path, and he rushed off to greet them.

Dear, blessed Bob! I could not realize that he was there! I had left him at home dashing around in an automobile, making calls, giving quinine, amputating legs, and doing

all sorts of fearful and wonderful things, and at night drilling a lot of Boy Scouts and taking them to church,—and here he was away up there in the Canadian mountains, two thousand miles from home,—my big, strong, strapping, kind-hearted Bob! I didn't understand it at all, and while he was talking to mother and grandmother, I tried my best to think *why* he was there, and how it happened that he thought he could leave all those sick people and those bad boys who adored him but would be managed by no one else.

Then I remembered the names he had called me,—"Pest,—Torment,—Uncertain lady,"—and I knew. Mr. Such and the red-haired boy had made him come! He hadn't heard of the English clerk yet,—I felt sure he hadn't had time to get *that* letter, and I was glad enough of it! Had I worried him? But wasn't it fun? And the most fun of all was that Bob was there,—there in the mountains,—and there with me!

That afternoon we climbed up to the summer-house together,—mother let me go with just Bob,—and there he told me all

about it, how my letters had worried him, and how anyway he was "sick to see me," and how he had left everything, two typhoid patients and a little boy with the scarlet fever, to come to me, away across the country—up in the mountains. And last of all, he said:

"And I've brought you something, Lizette, to warn those fellows off with! It means everything to me—everything that I am and have!"

And out of his pocket he pulled a little velvet box,—such a little box,—and inside it (of course you'll guess!) was a big, big diamond ring!

Naturally, I couldn't resist *that*, when *Bob* gave it to me,—and up there in the little summer-house, with that whole valley spread out like a picture before us,—in the most beautiful place (to me) in the world, and in the midst of the stillness of God,—I put on Bob's ring! It was like a Sacrament.

And Bob and I were happy.

. . . . . .

The story really ends here, but there *is* a

sequel to it, and here it is, appended for the benefit of curious readers.

Bob stayed with us at Glacier for two days and then he went back to the typhoid patients and the boy with the scarlet fever, as was his *Duty* to do. Mother and grandmother and I spent most of the summer in the West, but we are at home now, and I see Bob every day. School begins again next week, and I shall be a Senior; and then in June, just after Commencement, Bob and I are going to be married. That's the biggest and best sequel of all!

As to the others,—last week Mr. Such wrote to me that he was going to be in Chicago, and would like to come to see me. I replied that I would be glad to have him come, that we all would, but that I wanted him to know that I was engaged to Bob, and he answered with the following note:

"Dear Miss United States:

"There was a little girl, (Lizette.)
Who had a little curl, (Brown.)
Right down the middle of her forehead, (Treacherous.)

And when she was good, (Fine!)
She was very, very good, (Splendid!)
But when she was bad, (Ugh!)
She was Horrid!' (!!!)

"Hearty congratulations for Mr. Bob, and best wishes for you! Kindest regards to the 'Grossmutter' and 'Ma Mère'! Thanks! Should like immensely to see you, but must hurry on to New York!

"HAROLD SUCH."

Wasn't that fine of him?

The red-haired boy sent me a letter to Glacier, written while he was at Banff, and I wrote him a long one in return and told him all about how Bob had come for me, and what our joyous plans were. He was such a dear red-haired boy! And this was his answer:

"Dear Lizette,—Such a girl! Such a peach! And such a shame to marry a doctor! Here's my sympathy—you'll need it—and all the congratulations in the world to the man! He's a lucky dog!

"But Lizette,—three days of your life be-

long to me,—and Lake Louise begins with the same letter as Lizette! Pater and Mater send best wishes, and I second theirs with all my heart! You're a peach!

"Says 'Red-Hair.' "

Of course the homesick English clerk met Bob and he quite understood the situation before we left Glacier. I didn't tell him, but he saw the big diamond and understood. I shall never forget him as he looked the day we left. He stood on the station platform to wave us good-bye, and as I leaned over the Observation railing, he said:

"Two more months, and I'll leave, too,—for the East—Montreal—and then England! You've helped a lot,—Azalia the second,—my sister!"

And he kissed my hand in such a boyish way. Dear fellow! I wonder whether it was a dreadfully sad home-coming,—and Azalia not there! Perhaps he will write and tell me.

Grandmother is sewing, and mother is reading this as I write it, here in our dear,

old-fashioned library. There's no place like it in the world—it's just so cozy and "home-y!" Outside the birds are singing and the leaves are just beginning to turn. It's a *beautiful* September day—and I'm as happy as can be!

Bob is coming!—I hear the car,—and his dear, deep voice callng me,—and—I must go to meet him!

Mother—and grandmother—and Bob—and my own United States—and the happy world ahead!

. . . . . .

But Canada *is* fine!

DEC 28 1912

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 519 126 4